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MULLY
OF
MOUNTOWN.
A
POEM.

By the Author of the *Tale of a Tub.*

I.

MOUNTOWN! Thou ſweet Retreat from *Dublin* (Cares,
Be famous for thy *Apples* and thy *Pears*,
For *Turnips*, *Carrats*, *Lettice*, *Beans* and *Peaſe*;
For *Peggys* Butter, and for *Peggys* Cheeſe.
May Clouds of *Pigeons* round about thee fly,
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a *Pye*.
May fat *Geeſe* gaggle with melodious Voice
And ne'er want Gooſeberrys or Apple-ſauce:
Ducks in thy *Ponds* and *Chickens* in thy *Penns*,
And be thy *Turkeys* Numerous as thy *Hens*:
May thy black *Pigs* lie warm in little Stye,
And have no thought to grieve them, till they dye.
Mountown! The *Muſes* moſt delicious *Theam*
Oh! may thy *Codlins* ever ſwim in *Cream*:
Thy *Raſp*-- and *Straw-berries* in *Bourdeaux* drown
To add a redder Tincture to their own:
Thy *White-Wine*, *Sugar*, *Milk*, together Club
To make that gentle Viand a *Syllabub*.

Thy *Tarts* to *Tarts*, *Cheeſe-cakes* to *Cheeſe-cakes* joyn
To ſpoil the Reliſh of the flowing *Wine*,
But to the fading *Pallat* bring Relief
By thy *Weſt-phalian Ham*, or Belgick *Beef*;
And to compleat thy Bleſſings in a word,
May ſtill thy *Soil* be Generous as its *Lord*.

II.

Oh *Peggy*, *Peggy*, when thou go'ſt to *Brew*,
Conſider well what you're about to do,
Be very *Wiſe*, very ſedately *think*
That what you are about to make, is *Drink*:
Conſider *who* muſt drink that *Drink*, and then,
What 'tis to have the Praiſe of *Honeſt* Men:
For ſurely *Peggy*, while that Drink does laſt;
'Tis *Peggy* will be *Toaſted*, or *Diſgrac'd*.
Then, if thy *Ale* in *Glaſs* thou wouldſt confine,
To make its ſparkling Rays in Beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Leaſt a white Subſtance to the Surface fly,
And floating there, diſturb the curious Eye.
But this great *Maxim* muſt be underſtood,
Be ſure; *nay very ſure*, *thy* Cork *be Good*.
Then future Ages ſhall of *Peggy* tell,
That Nimph that *Brew'd* and *Bottled Ale* ſo well.

III.

How fleet is *Air*! How many *Things* have Breath
Which in a Moment, they reſign to *Death*;
Depriv'd of *Light*, and all their happieſt State,
Not by their *Fault*, but ſome ore'ruling *Fate*!
Altho' fair *Flowers*, that juſtly might invite,
Are Crop't, nay torn away for *Man's* Delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe Flowers, Alas! can make no Moan,
Nor has *Narciſſus* now a Power to Groan.

But

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But all those things which breath in *different* Frame,
By tye of common Breaths, Man's Pitty claim.
A Gentle *Lamb* has Rhetoric to plead,
And when she sees the Butcher's Knife Decreed,
Her *Voice* intreats him not to make her Bleed;
But Cruel *Gain* and Luxury of *Tast*,
With *Pride*, still lays Man's *fellow Mortals* Waste:
What *Earth* and *Waters* breed, or *Air* inspires,
Man for his *Pallat* fits by Torturing *Fires*.

MULLY a Cow sprung from a Beauteous Race
With spreading Front, did *Mountowns* Pastures grace.
Gentle she was, and with a gentle *Stream*,
Each Morn and Night gave *Milk* that equal'd *Cream*.
Offending None, of *None* she stood in Dread,
Much less of *Persons* which she daily *Fed:*
But Innocence cannot it self Defend
'Gainst treacherous Arts, veil'd with the Name of Friend.

ROBIN of *Darby-shire*, whose Temper shocks
The Constitution of his Native Rocks,
Born in a † *Place*, which if it once be named
Wou'd make a blushing Modesty ashamed:
He with Indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor *Mully* his peculiar Care,
But *inwardly* this sullen churlish Thief
Had all his Mind plac'd upon *Mullys* Beef;
His Fancy fed on her, and thus hee'd Cry
Mully as sure as I'm *Alive* you *Dye*;
'Tis a brave Cow, O Sirs when *Christmas* comes
These *Shins* shall make the *Porridge* grac'd with *Plumbs*,
Then midst our *Cups*, whilst we profusely *Dine*,
This *Blade* shall enter deep in *Mullys Chine*:
What *Ribs*, what *Rumps*, what *Bak'd*, *Boild*, *Stew'd* and *Roast?*
There shan't one single *Tripe* of her be lost.

† The Devil's Arse of Peak.

When Peggy, Nimph of *Mountown*, heard these sounds,
She *Griev'd* to hear of *Mullys* future Wounds,

What Crime, ſays ſhe, has gentle *Mully* done?
Witneſs the Riſing and the Setting *Sun*
That knows what *Milk* ſhe conſtantly would give,
Let *that* Quench ROBIN's Rage, and *Mully* Live.
Daniel a ſprightly Swain that uſed to ſlaſh
The Vigorous Steeds that drew his Lords Calaſh
To *Peggys* Side inclin'd, for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe Cattle of his own.
Then *Terrence* ſpoke Oraculous and ſly
Hee'd neither grant the Queſtion or Deny;
Pleading for *Milk*, his thoughts were on *Mince-Pye*;
But all his Arguments ſo dubious were
That *Mully* thence had neither Hopes nor Fear.
You've ſpoke ſays *Robin*, but now let me tell ye
'Tis not fair ſpoken *Words* that fill the *Belly*;
Pudding and Beef I Love and cannot ſtoop
To recommend your *Bonny Clapper Soop*;
You ſay ſhe's *Innocent*, but what of *that*,
'Tis more than *Crime* ſufficient that ſhe's *Fat*;
And that which is prevailing in this Caſe
Is, there's another *Cow* to fill her place.
And granting *Mully* to have Milk in ſtore
Yet ſtill this other *Cow* will give us more
She *Dies*----- ſtop here my *Muſe*, forbear the reſt,
And veil that Grief which cannot be expreſt.

FINIS.

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